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A HARD PROBLEM

"To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first"

said the Bard of Avon. How we should like to peep over our little maid's shoulder to see what sort of a mathematical "Hill Difficulty" she has come to that she needs to stop so and rest. No easy one, we are sure, and yet with the instincts of a true student she refuses all help until she sees just what she herself can do—only pausing at the hardest part of the ascent to take her bearings, that her next step may not be a backward one. It does not require much of a prophet to foretell that such a climber will soon reach the top.

The very slate in her hand has no little interest for us. It looks like a slate with a history. Our little student is not the first who has used it, we are sure, nor the second either. It is surely part of her inheritance from older sisters and brothers, studious, thoughtful girls, and bright romping boys, who have outgrown it.

Its roughened frame with itsstrongly braced corners shows striking examples of the inventive power and executive ability of the double-bladed jack-knife and small boy combined, and could tell if it chose many a tale of school-boy fracas that its former owners have, somehow, never yet made a subject of home conversation.

But our student will not prize it the less for all this, we think, but more. Thedelightful, smooth old surface is

THE HARD PROBLEM.

the result only of long years of service and could never be found in a new one, no matter how expensive. Besides a halo of old memories of sisters and brothers and father clings around it, though, it may be, only she of all her schoolmates can see it, and our little girl, young as she is, is beginning to learn that, even in so common a thing as a worn-out school slate,

"We cannot
But with gold the old associations."

LIBERTY.

People talk of liberty as if it meant the liberty of doing what a man likes. The only liberty that a man, worthy the name of a man, ought to ask for is to have all restrictions, inward and outward, removed, to prevent his doing what he ought. I call that man free who is master of his lower appetites, who is able to rule himself. I call him free who has his flesh in subjection to his spirit; who fears doing wrong, but who fears neither man nor devil besides. I think that man free that has learnt that most blessed of all truths—that liberty consists in obedience to the power, and to the will, and to the law that his higher soul reverences and approves. He is not free because he does what he likes, for in his better moments his soul protests against the act, and rejects the authority of the passion, which commanded him, as a usurping force and tyranny. He feels that he is a slave to his own un-

hallowed passions. But he is free when he does what he ought, because there is no protest in his soul against that submission. —*Frederick W. Robertson.*

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

The hardest and sternest of men are touched and softened by the defenceless innocence of little children. In the beautiful legend of St. Christopher, it was the little Christ-child that subdued and won over the giant who carried all comers across the stream; and cannot each one of us recall some reconciliation that could not have been effected but for the childish peacemaker? *All the Year Round* tells the service some German children rendered their city 450 years ago:

"In the month of July there was annually celebrated for four centuries at Hamburg a strange festival, known as "The Cherry Feast." Like every other ceremony it celebrates an event which has not yet been forgotten. In 1432 a great Hussite army besieged the city of Hamburg. The war had waged for many years, and on both sides it had become both bitter and cruel. When they saw the army outside their walls, the people of Hamburg became extremely frightened, as they could not hope to hold out long against such odds. A council of chief citizens was held to devise some method of saving the town. Nothing seemed feasible until some one suggested that they should send out all the little children, for, said one, "the sight will surely melt the hearts of the soldiers and they will do us no harm." The suggestion was acted upon. Great was the surprise of the army to see the gates of the city swing open; but greater still their surprise when they saw march out an army of little children clad in white. When they heard the pattering of the tiny feet and when the little ones drew up timidly before the tents, the warriors were fairly conquered and tears filled their eyes. They who had come to rob, kill and burn, threw down their arms, and gathering beautiful branches full of fruit off the cherry trees, sent the children back to their parents with those branches and a message of peace, which was faithfully observed. The children won a great and bloodless victory, and in commemoration of it these branches were until recently, if not now, carried through the streets by the children."

PERSEVERANCE.

Demosthenes, the poor stuttering son of a butler, became the most famous orator of ancient times. Virgil, the son of a baker, was the most celebrated of Latin poets. Æsop, the son of a slave, and almost a slave himself, managed to acquire imperishable fame. Thomas Wolsey, the son of a butcher, became cardinal of the church of Rome, and next to the king, in his day the most powerful person in the English Dominion. William Shakespeare was also the son of a butcher, yet one of the most famous poets the world has ever beheld. Oliver Cromwell rose from a comparatively humble station to be protector of the English Commonwealth. Benjamin Franklin was a printer in his early days; he afterwards became one of the most celebrated philosophers and statesmen. William Gaildford, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was in youth a humble shoemaker apprentice, and, for want of paper, was obliged to work his algebraic problems upon leather with an awl. Robert Burns, a ploughman, of Ayrshire, Scotland, was afterwards the greatest of Scotch poets. James Cook, for a long time was a common sailor, but afterwards, on voyages of discovery, sailed three times round the world. Jeremy Taylor was a barber's boy, and afterwards a D.D. Thomas Telford, the great civil engineer, was once a shepherd's boy. Inigo Jones was first a journeyman carpenter, and afterwards the chief architect of his age. Halley, the astronomer, was the son of a poor soap boiler. Haydn, the composer, was the son of a poor wheelwright. Henry, the chemist, was the son of a weaver. Smeaton and Rennie, eminent engineers, were both of them, at one time, merely makers of mathematical instruments. And when you have read the lives of all these, ask yourself whether perseverance had not as much to do in making these men great, as any other quality which they possessed.

TEACHING THE BIBLE TO LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. JULIA A. TERHUNE.

Teach *first* of all the great value of the Bible for the knowledge it brings us. Just as the parent's word is the immediate rule for the lives of little children, so God's Word is the higher law by which all lives should be governed. Little children can understand these things, and, in a degree we may little suspect, realize the value of the Bible.

Teach by precept, and by your own example, reverence for the Bible, for the book itself. Take it up and lay it down with reverence; hold it with reverence, show that you fully believe it to be a holy book, written by holy men inspired by the Holy Spirit, to be received and believed and obeyed from cover to cover.

Teach something of the book as a book, —the two Testaments, and the object for which each was written. Both tell about Jesus: the old Testament pointing forward to him; the New Testament pointing back to him.

Teach the number of books, the number of authors, and the number of centuries in which the Bible was written. Gradually, by weekly repetition, of a few at a time, adding one new name each Sunday, teach the names of the books of the Bible. Learned in the primary class they will never be forgotten. Teach the children to commit verses of the Bible to memory. How quickly our babies learn "Mother Goose" and other rhymes and jingles! Store their minds early with the sweet, precious thoughts with which God's Word is filled.

Give as rewards copies of the New Testament or gospels. I give a little ticket for each perfectly recited golden text; exchanging eight of the small ones for one large card; three of the large ones entitling the child to a "Gospel." The very smallest scholars try hard to earn one, and prize above everything the "little Bible" so obtained, though not realizing the far greater prize unconsciously gained,—God's own word stored in the mind. Encourage those who have Bibles to bring them to the class. Read a verse or two very slowly from your own Bible,—rather than from a lesson-help,—letting the children follow you in theirs. Occasionally call on some child to stand and read, or let several take turns.

Frequently remind the children of the importance of reading God's Word each day at home. Form a little reading-circle, and select yourself the verses to be read during the week. Do not give them more than two verses each day. Encourage them to read these over more than once,—even to commit at least one to memory. Question on the readings each succeeding Sunday, and once in a while hold a special week-day meeting.

Above all, teach that to understand God's Word we must have God's spirit, and by precept and example train them to ask God's help before reading. How can you do all this? Only by faithful, prayerful study of God's Word, and by daily feeding upon it. If you go before your class with your heart aglow with love for God and his word, your children will catch, at least in some degree, your spirit. No higher testimony was ever paid a teacher than by a little girl who went home and said: "Mamma, my teacher has seen Jesus." "Seeing Jesus" in his Holy Word, gives point and meaning to teaching, and brings sure results.—*Sunday School Times.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON V.—JULY 29.

THE TABERNACLE.—Ex. 40 : 1-16.

COMMIT VERSES 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them.—Rev 21 : 3.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Salvation, *through* atonement, regeneration, the light of the Word and prayer, to communion with the God of love, a perfect life, and a holy heaven.

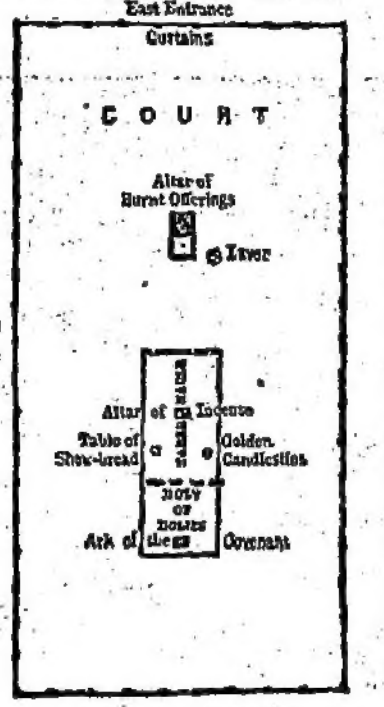
DAILY READINGS.

M. Ex. 35 : 1-18.
T. Ex. 37 : 1-29.
W. Ex. 38 : 1-31.
Th. Ex. 39 : 1-43.
F. Ex. 40 : 1-38.
Sa. Lev. 8 : 1-30.
Su. Ps. 81 : 1-12.

THE TABERNACLE.—1. *Its size and shape:* it was 30 cubits (45 feet) long, and 15 feet high and wide. It was divided into two rooms by a veil; the holy place was 20 cubits by 10, and beyond it the holy of holies, 10 cubits square. 2. *Its structure:* it consisted of three parts,—the tabernacle, strictly so called; the tent, extending above to a ridgepole and 5 cubits (7½ feet) beyond the tabernacle on every side; the third part was the covering of rams' and badgers' (probably seals') skins over the tent to protect it from the weather. The tabernacle proper was made of 48 acacia planks, each 15 feet long by 27 inches wide. These were placed on 96 silver bases, each weighing 100 pounds. It was covered by fine linen, under the "tent."

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

2. *Tabernacle of the tent:* see distinction above. 3. *Ark:* a chest covered with gold two and one-half cubits long by one and one half wide and high (a cubit is 21 inches). It contained the tables of the law; hence it was called the "ark of the testimony." Over it was the mercy seat and the cherubim. *Cover with the veil:* i.e., it is in the holy of holies, behind the separating veil. 4. *Table:* of gold, placed in the holy place, on the north side, the tabernacle facing east. *Things upon it:* the show-bread (Ex. 40 : 23), to show that our souls must live on God; and the dishes (Ex. 37 : 16), a symbol of communion with him. *Candlestick:* of gold, with seven branches, to give light, for there was no window. All their light came from God. It was placed on the south side. 5. *Altar of gold:* the altar for the incense; a type of prayer. Placed between the candlestick and table. 6. *Altar of burnt offering:* the brazen altar for sacrifices, situated outside of the tabernacle. 7. *The laver:* of brass, for the washings of the priests before performing any service. Placed



outside, between the altar and the tabernacle. 8. *The court:* 100 cubits by 50 (175 feet by 87½). The gates were made of hangings or curtains. 9. *Anointing oil:* a sacred oil, described in Ex. 30 : 23-30, by putting on of which anything was dedicated to God. A type of the Holy Spirit.

SUBJECT: THE WAY OF SALVATION ILLUSTRATED.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE HOUSE OF GOD (vs. 1, 2, 8).—Who designed the tabernacle? (Ex. 25 : 19; Heb. 8 : 2.) Give a description of the tabernacle as to its form. (chaps. 36-39); its structure; its two rooms and their uses; the court around it. What was the object of the tabernacle? How was God *manifested* there? (Ex. 40 : 21-38.) Why was the tabernacle made so costly and so beautiful? In what respects does the church for us take the place of the tabernacle? (Rev. 21 : 3.) How is it a guide? a place of communion with God? a home? Does it contain in spirit the things which were contained in the tabernacle?

II. THE ARK OF THE TESTIMONY (v. 3.)—Describe the ark of the covenant. (Ex. 25 : 10-22.) What was put into the ark? (Ex. 40 : 20; Heb. 9 : 4.) What was taught by the mercy seat? (Heb. 9 : 15.) By the laws being under it? (Acts 10-16.) By the tables of the law being kept in the holy of holies? (John 15 : 10; 1 John 3 : 21.)

III. THE ALTAR OF SACRIFICE.—ATONEMENT (v. 6.) If we entered the court of the tabernacle from the east, what is the first object to which we would come? Of what was this altar made? (Ex. 38 : 1-7.) Where was it placed? What did its position (before the entrance) teach? How did it typify the atonement of Christ? Does it help us to understand the atonement of Christ? (Heb. 9 : 8-15; 10 : 1-8.) Did the Jews understand the spiritual meaning of the altar and its sacrifices?

IV. THE LAVER.—THE WASHING OF REGENERATION (vs. 7, 12).—Where was the laver placed? What was its object? What did it teach? (John 3 : 5; Titus 3 : 5; Acts 2 : 38.)

V. THE CANDLESTICK.—THE LIGHT OF GOD'S WORD (v. 4).—When we enter the tabernacle, what do we see on our right? How may the Holy Place represent the church? From what did its light come? Describe the candlestick? (Ex. 37 : 17-24.) What does this teach us as to the Christian life? What does Christ say of the church? (Matt. 5 : 14, 15.) What is the church called in Rev. 1 : 12, 13, 20?

VI. THE TABLE OF SHOW-BREAD.—COMMUNION (v. 4.)—Where was the table placed? Describe it. (Ex. 37 : 10-15.) What was *upon it?* (Ex. 37 : 16; 40 : 23.) What did this signify to them? What to us? (John 6 : 41-51; Mark 14 : 22-25.)

VII. THE ALTAR OF INCENSE.—PRAYER (v. 5).—Describe this altar. Ex. 37 : 25-29.) Where was it placed? What does it signify? (Luke 1 : 9, 10.) Why is prayer acceptable to God? Why is it essential to the Christian life?

VIII.—THE ANOINTING.—THE HOLY SPIRIT (vs. 9, 10).—Of what was the anointing oil made? (Ex. 37 : 29.) What was done with it? What does this signify? (Acts 2 : 4; Rom. 15 : 20.)

IX. THE HOLY OF HOLIES.—What was the last room to which we would come? What was in it? (v. 3.) Who only could enter, and how often? (Heb. 9 : 7.) What does this holy of holies typify to us? (Heb. 9 : 24; Rev. 21 : 27.)

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 5.

THE BURNT OFFERING.—Lev. 1 : 1-9.

COMMIT VERSES 4-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.—Isa. 53 : 6.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The need of an atonement for sin.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Lev. 1 : 1-17.
T. Lev. 2 : 1-16.
W. Lev. 3 : 1-17.
Th. Heb. 10 : 1-25.
F. Rom. 12 : 1-13.
Sa. 1 John 1 : 1-10.
Su. Isa. 53 : 1-12.

LEVITICUS.—The book of service, setting forth (1) (chaps. 1-16), how to approach God; (2) (chaps. 17-27), *how to enjoy his presence. The name* is from the *Levites*, whose office and work is set forth. *Author*, Moses. *Made known* probably during the fifty days mentioned above.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

2. *If any man bring an offering:* he is now giving the law of free-will offerings. *Herd:* cattle. *Flock:* sheep and goats. The offering was to be of gentle, innocent animals, not the wild, untrained: a type of true Christians. 3. *A burnt sacrifice:* the main idea of the burnt offering was repentance of sin and consecration to God's service as the necessary condition of approach to God on the part of the offerer; but atonement, sacrifice for sin, on the part of God, *who accepts* the faith and love expressed in the offering. *At the door of the tabernacle:* where the altar of sacrifice stood. 4. *Hand upon the head of the burnt offering:* in token that it was his sacrifice, and was substituted for the offerer. *Atonement:* a satisfaction or reparation for sin. It was to show the great guilt of sin, that it could not lightly be forgiven. 5. *The blood:* the life of the victim, given in the place of the life that was due to God for sin, and as a symbol that the offerer gave his life to God. 6. *Flay:* skin. 7. *Put fire:* stir it up, rekindle. The fire never went out. 9. *A sweet savor:* not physically, but pleasant to God as expressing repentance, faith, and love.

QUESTIONS.

When was the tabernacle set up? (See last lesson.) How long after this did they remain at Sinai? (Num. 10 : 11.) What was done during these fifty days? (Lev. 1 : 1.) What books record these laws? What can you tell about Leviticus?

SUBJECT: THE WAY TO HOLINESS AND GOD.

I. GOD HIMSELF REVEALS THE WAY (v. 1).—Who spoke to Moses? From what place? What did he speak to him about? In what way does God speak to us? What is his purpose in speaking? (Isa. 45 : 22; John 14 : 6-9; Rev. 3 : 20.)

II. THE BURNT OFFERING.—OPENING THE WAY BY ATONING SACRIFICE (vs. 2, 3).—What are the two great kinds of sacrifices prescribed for the Jews? (See Helps.) What was the difference between them? How did the burnt sacrifice differ from the others? From what animals must this sacrifice be selected? (vs. 2, 11.) Why must it be without blemish? why voluntary? Where must this sacrifice be offered? (v. 3; Ex. 40 : 6.)

TEACHINGS.—What did the necessity of sacrifices teach the people? What were they taught by the offering being one of their own useful animals? What by its being without blemish? (Mal. 1 : 8.) What by the offering being voluntary?

III. OFFERING THE SACRIFICE.—GOING TO GOD (vs. 4-9).—When one offered a sacrifice, what must he do? (v. 4.) What did this teach? Was the offerer to dedicate himself to God? Did he accept the atonement God had thus prepared for him? What did the blood signify? (Gen. 9 : 4.) Where was it sprinkled? What was then done with the victim? How was the odor a sweet savor to God? (Phil. 4 : 18.)

IV. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT ON OLD TESTAMENT THEMES.—What sacrifice should we offer to God? (Rom. 12 : 1.) Why is this our reasonable service?

To what great sacrifice did all these sacrifices of the Jews point? (John 1 : 29; Heb. 10 : 8-10.) What is said of *the perfectness* of this sacrifice? (Heb. 7 : 26; 1 Pet. 1 : 19.) Was it voluntary? (1 Timothy 2 : 6; John 10 : 17, 18.) Why do we need an atonement? (Rom. 3 : 23-26.) *For whom* was the atonement made? (1 John 2 : 2.) How does the atonement express the love of God? (John 3 : 16; 1 John 4 : 10; Rom. 8 : 32.) What is meant by the blood of Christ? (Matt. 26 : 28; Heb. 9 : 13, 14.) What must we do with this sacrifice? (John 3 : 14, 15; Rom. 1 : 16.) Does the sacrifice of Christ bring salvation to us? (Rom. 5 : 8, 9; Gal. 3 : 13; Eph. 2 : 13; Heb. 9 : 13, 14.) Does it lead us to a holy life? (1 Pet. 2 : 21; 3 : 18; 1 John 1 : 7.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Third Quarter, 1888.)

1. July 1.—God's Covenant with Israel.—Ex. 21 : 1-12.
2. July 8.—The Golden Calf.—Ex. 32 : 15-26.
3. July 15.—God's Presence Promised.—Ex. 33 : 12-23.
4. July 22.—Free Gifts for the Tabernacle.—Ex. 35 : 20-29.
5. **July 29.—The Tabernacle.—Ex 40 : 1-16**
6. **Aug. 5.—The Burnt Offering.—Lev. 1 : 1-9.**
7. Aug. 12.—The Day of Atonement.—Lev. 16 : 1-16.
8. Aug 19.—The feast of Tabernacles.—Lev. 23 : 33-41.
9. Aug. 26.—The Pillar of Cloud and of Fire.—Num. 9 : 15-23.
10. Sept. 2.—The Spies sent into Canaan.—Num. 13 : 17-33.
11. Sept. 9.—The Unbelief of the People.—Num. 14 : 1-10.
12. Sept. 16.—The Smitten Rock.—Num. 20 : 1-13.
13. Sept. 23.—Death and Burial of Moses.—Deut. 34 : 1-12.
14. Sept. 30.—Review, Temperance, Deut. 21 : 18-21, and Missions.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HATTIE'S DILEMMA.

There was never anything so discouraging! Here it was eleven o'clock, and the boys and Hattie would be home to dinner in an hour and a half, as hungry as young bears; and there wasn't a thing in the house to eat.

Nelly sat down by the kitchen door, in despair; and wondered what she should do.

"Why, Nelly! What is the matter? Sick?" and the anxious voice was followed by the bright face of the little neighbor across the way. "I thought perhaps you might not be getting on very easily this first day you are *alone*, and brought over a warm pie for dinner. I made too much crust and had to use it," she added apologetically, as she placed the tempting looking, flaky crusted pie upon the table. "But, what is the trouble, Nelly?"

"Oh, Mrs. Hall! It's every thing! There isn't anything in the house for dinner; I forgot to ask *Hattie to stop* at the market when she went to school; Willy hasn't sent any one to attend to the telephone, and I have no way to send for anything. If Bridget's sister had only chosen some more convenient time to be sick, or mother hadn't gone quite so soon, or—I knew how to do anything myself. Every thing has gone wrong, and I don't know what to do."

"I'm glad I came over. I have little to do at home just now, and can help you."

"You have, already," replied Nelly, laughing. "Things don't look half so dismal as they *did before* you came in, and that pie will do wonders; but I'm afraid I shall never be a successful house-keeper for all my boasting. But really, I can't make a dinner out of nothing."

"Out of almost nothing, sometimes," said Mrs. Hall, with a smile, recalling some of her "picked up" dinners. "Let us see what we can do. You certainly keep things in perfect order."

"Oh, I can keep the house clean, but the getting meals, the planning, to know just what to have for breakfast, dinner and supper, to-day, to-morrow and next day—I feel as if I shouldn't have a black hair left by the time mother gets home."

"You are not very gray yet," laughed her friend. "Now let us see what is forthcoming from the 'cupboard.'"

"There is a little cold steak and roast beef in the refrigerator, but not half enough to do any thing with for dinner."

The refrigerator disclosed, besides the plate of cold meat, several boiled eggs and a plate of boiled beets.

"Now, Nelly, we will make ourselves famous. You run out in the garden for a basket of tomatoes, and I'll attend to these beets and eggs. Are they soft boiled? If so I must cook them *again*."

"I cooked them *over after breakfast*," said Nelly, putting on her hat. "I thought I could use them in fish balls."

When she came back there was a cupful of vinegar heating in a small earthern saucepan, with a few cloves in it. The beets were sliced, and the eggs peeled and cut in halves lengthwise.

When the vinegar boiled Mrs. Hall poured it over the beet and eggs and put the dish in a pan of cold water. In a few minutes she put in fresh water, adding ice to make it still colder.

"Now, Nelly, if you will peel and slice a dozen of those tomatoes, I will chop the meat, and then you might make some biscuit, as you have no bread in the house. I will tell you how, and my rule never fails. Now put a heaping tablespoonful of butter into the saucepan, as soon as it is hot put in the tomatoes and cover closely. That's right. Now for the biscuit;" and the little woman set down the chopping tray in which the meat was chopped to perfection.

"The flour must be sifted and every thing at hand, for one must work quickly to have snowball biscuit," she said, helping to get out the salt and baking powder boxes, while Nelly took the butter and milk from the refrigerator.

"Put four teacups of flour into the mixing bowl, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, and mix them quickly with the hands, rubbing it as you do for pie crust. See how like a coarse powder it looks? Now sift in four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and stir together lightly till thoroughly mixed. Then add a teacup and a half of milk. Now stir all together as quickly as possible. Use a stout spoon or a wooden mixer. I like that the best. I can't endure to use an iron spoon when cooking.

Put a little flour on the mixing board and turn the dough upon it. Roll up in a ball with as little handling as possible; roll out about half inch thick and cut with a round or square cutter. Here is your baking tin, all buttered; get them in quickly; the oven is very hot; you could hardly have it too hot.

And now we will look at the tomatoes; I stirred them a few minutes ago. They have cooked twenty minutes. Stir in that chopped meat, add salt and pepper to season as you like, and leave the pan uncovered. Those beets must be cold by this time, and I'll put them on this pretty glass plate.

"There!" she exclaimed, in a minute, "doesn't that look tempting enough for hungry boys?" holding out the plate with a pyramid of beet in the centre and the egg laid around the edge.

"Yes it does, indeed; and they will appreciate it, too. Just see how nice these biscuit look," opening the oven door to take a peep at the puffy, beautifully browning balls. "How they have risen."

"They had to rise, they were put in so closely. That's one of the secrets of successful biscuit making. They are all the better for crowding."

"How relieved I feel. An hour ago I didn't think we should have such a nice dinner just out of scraps."

"They are the best dinners out, at least we think so," said Mrs. Hall, tying on her pretty shade hat with the soft mull strings so becoming to her fresh, bright face; "I shall send you in a plate of my boiled ham, I'm rather proud of my boiled ham, and the boys will like it with the baked potatoes and hot biscuit; don't let these potatoes bake too long, and if you get into another 'slough of despond' send for me," with a little laugh at her own importance.

"Indeed I will," replied Nelly, gratefully. "You don't know how much you have helped me already, and every thing looks so nicely, too," as she placed the last dish on the table just as the boys came in.

"Well, Sis! commend me to you for a good dinner," said Harry, as he rose from the table. "If I had thought you were equal to such a success I should have brought Ned Allen home with me to dinner. I met him coming up from the station, and wanted to ask him home with me, but thought perhaps it wouldn't be just right, and you wouldn't like it."

"I'm glad you didn't," said Tom, with a glance at Nelly's blushing face. "He would have wanted to begin housekeeping *right away*."

"That's true!" exclaimed Willy, helping himself to another biscuit and a slice of ham. "I'm not half through yet. Hard study does give a follow such an appetite."

"And I'll wash all the dishes, Nelly," said Hattie.

"Nellie had to call upon her kind little neighbor many times for advice and assistance, for Bridget "took a little rest" after her sister recovered; but she developed such a capacity for housekeeping that when her father and mother came home from their western trip, mother said she might have stayed a month longer, but that she feared she should find them half starved.

But the boys were loud in their praises, and although Nelly has now been housekeeper in her own house several years, Ned Allen has never been known to tell his wife that she "couldn't cook as mother did."—*Emily Hayes in Household.*

MIND REST.

I have managed to read a good deal when tending baby. I have my magazine handy and keep a mark so if I do not have time to finish an article, I can resume it the next time I have to hold baby. I think it very helpful to us while at our work to have something we have read to think about, rather than to have our minds full of our neighbors' concerns or of useless repinings over our hard lot in life. I found the reading of the articles in the *Century* on Russian prisons quite conducive to content of mind; and the quickest way to cure me of repining at my lot is to read of poor creatures deprived of everything which makes life enjoyable. Look from even your kitchen window, and in most cases there are beautiful objects for the eye to rest upon; always the heavens above with their ever shifting panorama of loveliness. You are at liberty to walk outside at least for a good look above and around you. To many, this would be a great privilege. Sing, shout, if you wish. The poor Russian political prisoner must make no audible sound. Enjoy intercourse with children or friends, and try to preserve a cheerful frame of mind. Think of the great army of the insane in our land with their tortured mind and sometimes tortured bodies, too. Many of them were brought to their terrible condition by brooding over their troubles, when they should have been counting their mercies, and trying by God's help to forget their own griefs in sympathy for others. Do let us have something to think of besides our troubles, our cares, and our privations. Pick up the magazine or paper and in half an hour some writer will take you away to the Pacific coast and back, or another will tell you how some of our great western railways were built. What wonders were accomplished in an incredibly short time! The building of the pyramids of Egypt was not the only colossal undertaking the world has seen. Another writer will tell how Colonel Rose with his eager helpers, dug a tunnel from Libby Prison, with old case knives and a chisel, while perhaps you have been pitying yourself because you had not the latest improved sad irons, or a patent self-wringing mop. The poorest of us have often many blessings.

"Well," says one sister, "I cannot afford to take the magazines." Still I believe many more could afford even the best of them if they really wanted them. Thousands of families throughout the country spend enough money on a single circus to pay for a good magazine; others, spend enough on a dance to do the same. Where there is a will there is a way, is a rule of very general application, and especially so in the matter of reading.—*Correspondent Housekeeper.*

HER BUTTON-HOLES.

Upon a steamship that crossed last spring from Boston to Liverpool was one cabin passenger who looked singularly out of keeping with her surroundings. She was no better dressed than were the steerage passengers; indeed, not nearly so well as some of them.

Perhaps no one would have noticed her at all but for the very shabbiness of her attire, and the singularly eager look in her watchful eyes, as if she were determined that nothing small nor great should escape her. She spoke to no one at first; but after a day or two a lady with an inquiring mind addressed her:

"Have you ever been at sea before?" she asked, and this was the beginning of a long conversation. After it was over, the lady of the inquiring mind communicated the result to the other passengers.

"Just think," she said, earnestly, "this is the first time the poor thing ever stopped making button-holes!"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, just about what I say. She began to make button-holes for her living when she was a little girl, and she has made them ever since. When she was married, she made button-holes still, because she wanted to help buy a little home. And then the war came, and her husband went to fight, and she stayed at home and made button-holes. And then he was killed, and she never got a pension until lately, and has been making button-holes all the time. Ugh! Think how many thousand she must have made!"

"And now she's got her pension," some one asked, "a good one, I suppose since she's stopped work and come abroad!"

"No; that is, it's large to her, but it's not much over a thousand dollars, and she wondered for awhile just what she had best do with it; but pretty soon it was borne in on her mind what would do her the most good, and she concluded to cross the ocean.

"She didn't object to working button-holes," she said. "She was so used to that she didn't know but what she would rather do it than not; but she wanted something to think about, and so she had started out to get some sights and some memories that would keep her company when she got home. You needn't laugh; I think it was fine."

The rest of the passengers came to the same conclusion before the voyage was over. It was a real pleasure to talk or to read to this poorly clad woman, with her searching eyes, to whom all the world was like a book with uncut leaves. She was so eager to learn, that it put all the lazy minds on board to shame to see the intentness of her interest.

She stopped at Queenstown,—she wanted to see Ireland,—but she turned up again in London afterward. She saw the Queen's Jubilee, and the Queen's presents; she went, day after day, to the National Gallery. She said she wanted to fix those pictures the dead great folks had painted where they'd stay in her mind.

"If I get them so I can just seem to see them," she said, "while I sit working my button-holes, I'll be just about as well off as if I lived in London."

She saw all that six months of time and a thousand dollars in money could afford her opportunity to see, and then she came contentedly home; and now she sits out in Roxbury and works her button-holes. But her eyes have visions, and her mind has thoughts, and who shall say she was not a wise woman?—*Youth's Companion.*

How Little it Takes.—There are children in thousands of households who scarcely hear from their parents any other than words of censure and reproof, who would smile with intense joy if told at night how kind and helpful they had been, and what comforts they were to their parents, and would go to sleep to dream of angels and all bright and happy things. Ah! how little it takes to makes hearts happy, and how little also to make them miserable!

Green Corn Pudding.—One pint grated green corn, one quart new milk, three eggs, sugar to taste, a good lump of butter, a little salt. Stir occasionally until thick, and bake two hours.

PUZZLES.—NO. 15.

CHARADE.

My *first* in nearly every clime,
Beneath the sun is found;
And though of value very great,
Is cast into the ground.

My *second* holds within its clasp
The hope of every nation;
Is ever held in high esteem
And profound veneration.

My *whole* is made to hold my first,
And for no other use on earth.

A STRING OF FISH.

Raging in.
Do run, Elf.
A fresh lather.
Gun dog.
O Reed.
He foils C. B.
Pin hold.
Run, ring, gad-fly.
Fire her things, Kong.

DROP-LETTER VERSE.

H-l-r-t-l-n-w-o-l-c-h-c-l;
A-l-l-o-s-l-c-u-l-u-g-w-y.
H-l-r-t-l-n-c-l-h-c-n-c-l
O-t-u-t-l-g-t-u-y-o-c-a-h-a—.

A LADDER.

The rounds are all alike.

1 * * 2
3 * * 4
5 * * 6
7 * * 8
9 * * 10
11 * * 12
13 * * 14
15 * * 16
17 * * 18
19 * * 20

Across.—1 to 2, fat. 3 to 4, a male deer. 5 to 6, a share. 7 to 8, a poet. 9 to 10, an emporium. 11 to 12, a common measure. 13 to 14, to twist out of shape. 15 to 16, to demolish by little and little. 17 to 18, a girl's name. 19 to 20, a story.

Down.—1, a letter. * 3, an exclamation. * * 5, a quick blow. 2 to 7, a color. 4 to 9, a coal-waggon. 6 to 11, a waiter. 8 to 13, to pull. 10 to 15, a snare. 12 to 17, a weight. 14 to 19, to supplicate. 16 * *, a period. 18 *, an abbreviation. 20, a letter.

TRANSPOSITION.

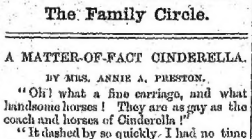
"Peter N. Mace" was a vagabond, tramp;
He was idle and wretched, a drunkard, a scamp;
But now he is sober, respected:—who can
Tell me what was it that made him a man.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 14.

A Forest.—Dragon tree, abel, (able), cherry, pine and weeping willow, cork and smoke, strawberry, fir; toothache, sugar, milk, ginger-bread, gum, poplar (popular), snowball; snow-drop, caper-nan-go! olive! orange! medlars (meddlers), crab, cabbage and yew (you), date, birch, spruce, oak, lime, varnish and turpentine; palm, fountain and beech (beach), fringe and planer, bay; plum (plumb), slippery elm, rose, tulip, thorn, poison; broom, dog, coral, button; staff, tallow and oil, cedar (ceder), trap.

Transpositions.—1, Spirit. 2, Sprite. 3, Esprit. 4, Tripes. 5, Ripest. 6, Priest. 7, Stripe.

A Curious Word.—Stab, tab, ab, b, bats.



The Family Circle.

A MATTER-OF-FACT CINDERELLA.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Oh! what a fine carriage, and what handsome horses! They are as gay as the coach and horses of Cinderella!"

"It dashed by so quickly I had no time to notice it," replied Grandma Eaton. "I wonder whose it can be? There! it has stopped. What is that for, Ella, child?"

"I don't know, Grandma, dear; but I think something about the harness has given way. The gentleman has jumped from the carriage. He has taken something from his pocket. It looks like a knife. Oh, yes!"

"I had good eyes once, but they have served their day," sighed Grandma Eaton.

"The horses are quiet, now," went on Ella, who had not once taken her observant eyes from a spectacle so unusual for that quiet neighborhood. "Now the strap is mended, I think, and everything is all right," and as the gentleman drove swiftly on, she left the window and skipped out to the edge of the road, to see the fine horses prance away.

"I guessed rightly, Grandma, dear!" cried Ella as she came running back from the scene of the accident. "It was a broken strap, for here is a piece, almost torn in two, that was cut off. And here is a penny I found right under it; a bright, new penny—as yellow as gold!"

"This is no penny," said the woman, taking the shining coin in her own hand and looking at it closely; "it is an eagle."

"An eagle! Oh! how much good it will do us!" exclaimed the little girl as she glanced at her grandmother's thin shawl and at the scant belongings of their humble home.

"We are not to think of that," said Grandma Eaton, speaking so decidedly that a flush overspread her thin, worn face. "The coin belongs to the gentleman who just dropped it; and I do not doubt that a way will be opened for it to be returned to its owner. Those who seek to do right seldom lack opportunity. Cinderella's horses and carriage pass this way too seldom to escape notice, and probably some of our neighbors will be able to tell us to whom they belong."

But all the men in the quiet, out-of-the-way neighborhood had been at town-meeting that afternoon, and none of the women folk had seen the carriage.

On the very next Monday morning after this episode, that same glossy-haired, blue-eyed Ella, with Grandma's thin shawl pinned about her shoulders, made one of a bevy of girls who, with arms full of books, slates, and lunch-baskets, were drawing near a plain little brown school-house.

"Oh, there's a fire in the schoolhouse!" cried Lizzie Barbar; "and I'm glad, for my fingers are cold."

"We don't often find a fire made on the first day of school," said Abby Wood "because the committee-man has to go for the teacher."

"He must have kindled it before he started away," said Ella, "because it has been burning some time. I can tell by the thinness of the smoke."

"That is just like you, Ella Eaton," put in Angelina Brown. "You're always pretending to know things by what you see that no one else would ever think about."

"The boys must have climbed in at one of the windows," whispered Ella, "Let us serenade them."

And she began one of their familiar school songs in a clear, ringing voice, her companions at once joining in with the melody.

By this time they were at the school-house door; but, on trying to enter, they were surprised to find the stout hasp and padlock as secure as it had been through all the long vacation.

Immediately heavy footsteps were heard hurriedly crossing the school-room, one of the small windows was thrown up with a bang, and a stout, rough-looking, tangled-haired, slabby fellow scrambled out in great haste. He cast his eyes sharply about, made a rush at the group of affrighted little girls huddled together upon the broad door-stone, grabbed Ella's lunch basket with one hand and Angelina's dinner-pail with the other, cleared the low rail fence near by at a running jump, and was lost to sight in the woodland at the end of the field.

As the ruffianly tramp ran in one direction, the little girls, dropping all their wraps and traps, and seizing hold of hands, ran almost as fast in the other.

How far they might have gone, had they not been turned about by meeting the committee-man and the pretty young lady teacher, it would be hard to say.

On returning the party found in the building, a broken window, a fragment of bread, the teacher's chair split into kindlings and nearly burned, and a large bundle of expensive silks and laces.

The intruder had apparently either fallen asleep by the fire and overslept himself, or, not supposing that school was to begin so early in the season, had intended to make the secluded building his hiding-place for the day.

"There was a burglary committed at Willimotic night before last," said Mr. Stiles, the committee-man, "and I fancy these are a part of the spoils. A large reward is offered for the detection and identification of the robbers; so, girls, it will be to your advantage to remember how that fellow looked.

"I shall never forget him," said Lizzie; "he was the tallest man I ever saw."

Abby was sure he was short. Angelina fancied he was lame; and Ella remembered he had a bent nose. They all agreed he was fierce and horrid, and were equally sure they should know him if they should ever see him again.

The affair made a great local excitement; and when the goods were identified as belonging to the great Willimotic dry goods firm of Clark & Rodgers, the girls who had enjoyed such an experience with a real burglar were the envy of all the boys in the community.

But time sped on, and June had arrived with its roses, when one day word came from Clark & Rodgers, asking Mr. Stiles, the committee-man, to bring the little girls who had encountered the burglar, to Willimotic, to see if they could recognize him among a number of men who had been arrested while undermining a railway culvert some days before.

"I am so glad my mother sent to New York for my gypsy hat," said Angelina. "My mother finished my blue dress last night," said Lizzie; and while Abby was telling what she expected to wear, Ella ran on ahead, fearing that she might be questioned upon the same subject, for she knew very well that nothing new, pretty, or fresh would fall to her lot. A thought of the gold eagle did cross her mind; but she bravely put it away from her.

And neither could the dear old grandmother help thinking of it; but only said to herself:

"My grandchild shows her good breeding in her gentle manners and speech, and they are better than fine clothes."

The day at Willimotic was a unique experience for the bevy of little country girls. The grand, white-marble court-house, where they were taken, filled most of them with a vague alarm. Through the half-open doorway they caught glimpses of the grave, gold-spectacled judge at his high desk; the black-coated lawyers seated at their long table in front; the witness-stand with its railing; and a pale-faced prisoner sitting beside an officer.

"There is going to be a thunder-shower," said Angelina, "and I know I shall be frightened to death."

"Let us all take hold of hands," said Abby Wood. "I never felt so lonesome in all my life. I'm going back to the depot for fear we shall be left."

"I'll go with you," said Lizzie. "I don't remember anything about the old tramp, only that he was short—and I wish I hadn't come."

"Why, Lizzie Barber," cried Angelina, "you have always said he was the tallest man you ever saw! How Mr. Stiles will laugh!"

"Well, I shan't stay to be laughed at!" half sobbed Lizzie. "Come, Ella."

"We must not leave this room, where Mr. Stiles told us to stay until he came for us," said Ella, so resolutely that her companions sat down again, although Abby whispered to Angelina:

"The idea of our minding a little girl like Ella, just as if she were the school-teacher herself!"

Happily, Mr. Stiles appeared in time to prevent another outbreak, saying:

"Come, Angelina. You may as well go in first."

"Oh, dear," sighed Angelina. "I wish mother had come!" And she was led away into the great court-room.

Mr. Stiles came for the girls one by one, until Ella was left alone. She curled herself up like a kitten in one of the large arm-chairs, and silently took in her unaccustomed surroundings with keen enjoyment.

"Come, Ella," said Mr. Stiles kindly. And she followed him slowly into the court-room, hearing some one whisper lightly as she passed:

"So there is another one. I wonder if her testimony will carry as much weight as that of her mates. It was foolish to expect such children, and girls too, to identify any one."

As Ella cast a low, thoughtful look about the room, her blue eyes suddenly dilated, and, leaving Mr. Stiles's side, she walked straight up to one of the lawyers, who regarded her curiously, when, dropping a quaint little courtesy that her grandmother had taught her, she said modestly:

"Excuse me, sir,—perhaps I ought not to tell you here, but perhaps I may not see you again—and I found your gold eagle."

"What did you say?" asked the gentleman kindly. "How do you happen to know me, little girl? And what was that about a gold eagle?"

"I do not know you, sir; but grandma says one may speak to a stranger on business. I saw you that day—Freeman's meeting-day, it was, you know—when you drove through North Damesfield, and a strap in your harness broke. When you took out your knife to mend it, you dropped a gold eagle, and I picked it up. Grandma has it at home in her china tea-pot, and will be ever so glad I saw you, for ten dollars is a great deal of money to have in the house—when it is not your own."

It was a funny little episode to happen in the crowded court room, and the lawyers all turned to listen; and the grave judge, from his high seat, looked kindly down upon the little girl, while a smile tugged at the corners of his mouth and hinted of grand-daughters at home.

"How do you know it was I who lost the money?" asked Mr. Gordon, with twinkling eyes.

"Why, I saw you, sir, and I could not help knowing you again."

"How was it, Mr. Gordon?" asked the judge, as if this diversion was not altogether unwelcome; and the lawyer replied:

"I did drive through North Damesfield, on Freeman's meeting-day, by the old turnpike, to avoid the mud by the river road. The harness did break, and I feared for a time I might have trouble with my horses; I had purchased them only two days before. I did make a new hole in the strap with my pocket-knife, and I surely on that day lost a ten-dollar gold piece. I thought, however, that it was stolen from me at the miserable little tavern where I had spent the previous night. I am so glad to find myself mistaken, that I gladly give the gold piece to my little friend here, who, it seems to me, has a better claim to it than I have."

"Oh, sir, I thank you; but, indeed, I do not think grandma would let me take it, because, really, it doesn't belong to me at all."

"It does, if I choose to give it to you, my child," said the gentleman, smoothing her glossy curls. "And now, do you think you will be as sure of the fellow who gave you such a sorry fright, and stole your dinner as you were of me?"

"Oh, yes, sir! If he is here, I shall know him. I saw him plainly." And, turning about as she was told, she faced the half dozen prisoners, with a little shiver. "That is the one," she said at once; "the one with his hands in his pockets. His nose is bent just a little to one side, you see. And oh! sir! if you look at the thumb on his right hand you will see that the end has been cut off; and that the nail grows sharp and long, like a claw. I saw it when he snatched my lunch-basket, but I have never thought of it since. I seemed to see it again when I saw his face."

"That is an interesting little point, showing the association of ideas," said one of the lawyers in a low tone to another; and the prisoner whom the little girl designated was ordered to take his hands from his pockets. He refused doggedly at first; but, seeing that it was of no use for him to resist, he withdrew them, and holding up his peculiar thumb in a defiant way, he muttered:

"The girl saw my thumb when she came in, and spoke about it because she wants to get the reward."

"The prisoner kept his hands in his pockets ever since he entered the court-room," said the sheriff.

"Not continually, I think," said one of the lawyers; and Mr. Gordon suggested:

"It may be well to put this child's memory to another test." And, turning to Ella, he asked kindly, "Are you often in Willimotic, little girl?"

"I was never here until to-day, sir," she answered.

"Do you think you would know my horses if you saw them on the street?" inquired Mr. Gordon.

"Yes, sir," said Ella. "I am sure I should know them anywhere."

"She will have her match this time, I fancy," said one of the lawyers to another in a low voice; "of course she is not prepared for the variety of teams to be seen on our main street."

A great deal of curiosity was felt in regard to this third test of the womanly little girl's memory, and the court took a recess, lawyers, judge, Mr. Stiles, and all the school-girls going to the deep balcony of the court room.

Ella seemed simply unconscious that the eyes of the whole party centred upon her as she leaned against the railing, holding her hat in her hand, while the wind lifted her curls and brought the color back to her pale cheeks.

There were, indeed, many fine carriages and horses. Ella was closely observant, but not confused. She did not appear to notice one team more than another until ten minutes had passed; then the color went out of her cheeks again, her eyes opened wide, and she exclaimed:

"There they come, sir! up the street—the gray with a sorrel mate. It is a different carriage, but the very same lap-robe. You had it spread over a white fur one when I saw you."

"Very true," said Mr. Gordon. "Your three tests of memory are unimpeachable; and now, will you be so kind as to tell us how it happens that your memory is so much more retentive than that of most children of your age?"

"I suppose, sir," said Ella, as the others gathered about to listen, "it is because my father used to teach me that it was rude and useless to stare long at any person or anything. He said I must train my eye to see everything at a glance, and we used to amuse ourselves by looking at pictures that way. It is just like a game: and one can play at it all alone, too. I have kept it up because I live alone with my grandma out on the old turnpike, and I seldom have any one to play with. I only had one good look at you, sir, but I saw your black eyes, your gray moustache, and the look in your face that can be stern or can be very kind."

At this, Squire Gordon's brother lawyers all laughed in concert and the grave judge smiled, for they all were familiar with the look which the little girl had so artlessly described.

The thief confessed his crime later.

"I noticed how that blue-eyed girl looked at me that morning at the school-house," he said, "and I felt, somehow, as though she would know me if she ever saw me again."

The burglar was sent to prison; and Ella not only was given the gold eagle she had found, but she also received the reward for identifying the thief. And she won so many warm and helpful friends that day at the court-house that her grandmother used often to say: "That was really a Cinderella coach and pair to you, dear. And you are a matter-of-fact Cinderella yourself, though you have no fairy godmother, such as she had."

"But I have you, dear grandma," said Ella, "and you're worth a dozen fairy godmothers. So I'm luckier than the other Cinderella, after all!"—*St. Nicholas.*

TEMPLE WORSHIP IN CHINA.

BY YAN PHOU LEE.

Of all the innumerable structures dedicated to religious uses there are none more quaint and splendid than the temples of Heaven and Earth which are found in Pekin, China. The Chinese call them altars, but they are really magnificent temples, built of costly materials and surrounded by grounds of vast extent.

The altar of the Supreme Ruler of Heaven is in the south-eastern quarter of the capital, on the eastern side of the road which, running north and south, cuts the city into two equal portions. It stands in an enclosure three miles in circumference and consists of a round terrace with three stages, each ten feet high and respectively 120, 90, and 60 feet in diameter. It is paved with marble and protected by balustrades. The tile roofs are painted blue to resemble the azure of heaven.

The illustration is that of the altar erected to the Spirit of the Earth, which stands on the other side of the road above mentioned and directly opposite to the Temple of Heaven. This building is similar in shape to the other, with the difference that it has two stages instead of three and the dimensions are also different. This altar stands in an enclosure about two miles round, in which may also be seen three other altars dedicated to the inferior spirits of the heavens, the planet Jupiter, Shun-Nung, the mythological inventor of agriculture.

It is a curious fact, illustrative of Chinese ignorance of the real shape of the globe, that the base of the altar to Earth is square, while that of the altar to Heaven is round.

The color sacred to heaven is azure, hence the robes worn by the emperor in worship rendered to it are blue. Yellow, on the other hand, is a color peculiar to the earth, hence, yellow gowns are worn in the ceremonies performed on its altar.

The sacrifices offered to heaven and earth were enjoined by Confucius, and the mode of conducting them are minutely prescribed by the ancient Book of Rites. They are not the only deities that constitute the Pantheon of the State, but everything in the material universe is worshipped, such as sun, moon, stars, mountains, rivers, etc., besides the spirits of deceased monarchs and Confucius himself.

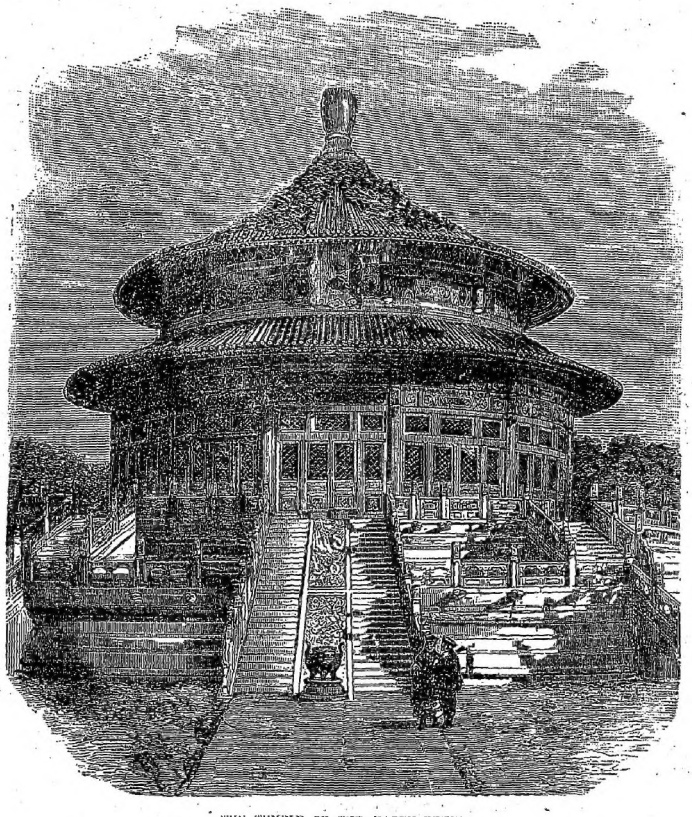
The worship of these supreme powers of nature and of dead monarchs is confined to the Emperor, the imperial clan, the nobles and high officers of state, and is forbidden to the common people under penalty of whipping or strangulation. The monarch is the high priest of this State religion, while the hierophants who assist in the different services are all, like himself, Confucianists.

The time for performing sacrifices to heaven is at the winter solstice, while the earth gets its share at the summer solstice.

The preparations made are the same in either service and bent everything of the kind in elaborateness. They are interesting enough to merit a recital. In the first place, those who intend to participate must be free from recent crime against the law, and not in mourning.

The sacredness and solemnity of the occasions are evidenced by frequent ablutions, taking of vows and fasting for three days, with a complete change of raiment. Besides, the hierophants are obliged to occupy lonely but clean chambers, and at the same time abstain from judging criminals, from listening to music, from attendance at feasts, from drinking wine, and from eating onions and garlic. The punishment for neglect or omission may be forfeiture of salary, or the bastinado, which is generally commuted for a fine. The animals sacrificed to Heaven and Earth are heifers, bullocks, oxen and pigs or sheep. They must be healthy and without a defect. These victims go through a process of purification ninety days previous to their being brought to the altar.

Chinese sacrifices differ from those of the Romans, Greeks and Jews, in that the victims are butchered the day before and afterwards brought to the altar all dressed and ready to be cut and distributed to the hungry worshippers.



THE TEMPLE OF THE EARTH, PEKIN.

The imperial high-priest does not deign to perform the highest act of homage to the Supreme Powers of the Universe, strange to relate. That is the so-called kou-tow, consisting of three kneelings, nine bows and nine knocks of the head: but the last are omitted by the Son of Heaven.

All the ceremonies being involuntarily performed show a lack of heartiness and sincerity which we associate with the idea of worship. They are so precise, cold and formal, that the common people may congratulate themselves on being exempt from them.

It is no wonder that such a heartless religion, with its cold ritualism, should have crushed all that is spiritual out of its blind adherents. It affords additional proof, if any were needed, of the utter inadequacy of natural religion to satisfy man's spiritual needs.

But there is one feature of this State worship which is deserving of praise, and that is the annual ploughing ceremony performed by the Emperor and the grandees of the Empire at the vernal equinox. Those who take part assemble together in the morning on a field sacred to agriculture, within the enclosure wherein the altars of the Earth and of Shun Nung stand, and there, one after another, take hold of the plough drawn by a water buffalo and plough a number of furrows, first of all the Emperor and after him the ministers. In this manner does the Chinese Government dignify the labors of the husbandman, and sets an example for all its subjects to follow. It is worthy of mention as a piece of consummate statesmanship.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A DEVOTED MOTHER.

A lady residing in Glasgow had a handsome cat sent to her from Edinburgh. It was conveyed to her in a close carriage. The animal was carefully watched for two months, but having had a pair of young ones at the end of that time, she was left to her own discretion, which she very soon employed in disappearing with both her kittens. The lady in Glasgow wrote to her friend in Edinburgh, deploring her loss, and the cat was supposed to have found a new home. About a fortnight, however, after her disappearance from Glasgow, her well known mew was heard at the street door of her Edinburgh mistress; and there she was, with both her kittens. They were very fat, she very thin. It is clear she could only carry one kitten at a time. The distance from Glasgow to Edinburgh is forty-four miles, so that, if she brought one kitten part of way and then went back for the other, and thus conveyed them alternately, she must have travelled one hundred and twenty miles at least. She also must probably have journeyed only during the night, and must have resorted to many other precautions for the safety of her young. The story seems incredible, but the *Children's Friend* gives it as a fact.

A THRILLING EPISODE

One of the impressive incidents that characterized the closing session of the recent annual meeting of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the North West, held in Davenport, Ia., was the following, as reported by *The Interior*:

Mrs. Van Cleve, of Minneapolis, who, though about eighty years of age, has strength of body and mind that is wonderful, saying that she wished to tell a story of interest to the delegates, stated that in her travels in Northern Dakota, she once saw, near one of the old Hudson's Bay Company's trails, the grave of a woman, a missionary, who was murdered by the Sioux Indians about thirty years ago, being shot twice through the lungs as she was attending to her sick babe in the night, the light of her candle showing her form to the savages who were lurking outside her cabin. Her husband buried her there, and placed a tombstone, properly inscribed, at her grave. A settler took that slab, broke it in two, and made stepping-stones of it for the back and front doors of his house. Mrs. Van Cleve then told of her search for further information concerning the martyred missionary, and of her obtaining it through a package of letters sent from India, by a correspondent of the husband of the murdered woman. Mrs. Van Cleve's object in her address was the raising of a fund by the Presbyteries in the North West to build a suitable monument over that grave. Mrs. Well, of Oxford, Pa., to whom the letters were forwarded from India, had sent a dollar for the purpose.

At this point in the narrative a lady's trembling voice inquired, "May I say a word?" "Certainly," replied Mrs. Douglass. "Your name, please?" The voice, still trembling, but giving no name, continued: "That missionary was my brother, and his murdered wife was my sister-in-law. He was David Brainard Spencer. The elder child in the cabin that night has been a missionary in Turkey ten years. The babe that Mrs. Spencer held in her arms when she was shot has been a devoted minister in Illinois a number of years!" The speaker's name was afterwards given as Mrs. Drew, of Evansville, Ind., who stated that Mr. Spencer died about three years ago in Benzonia, Mich. It is said that it didn't take that crowd long to raise and hand to Mrs. Van Cleve a grand "starter" for a fund for a new and suitable monument to the memory of Mrs. Spencer.

ON COLLECTING MOTHS.

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

Moths belong to the order of insect life called Lepidoptera—a name signifying scaly wings. If you touch the wings of these insects too roughly, what appears to be a fine mealy powder is left on your fingers. If you examine the wings with a powerful

THE HAWK MOTH.

microscope, you will find that they are covered with little scales so fine that to the naked eye they seem like powder. These scales cover the entire wing, overlapping each other like the scales on a fish.

The same method should be followed in capturing moths as in hunting for butterflies, only you can not take your net and hunt for them in the sunny fields. In the evening, when the lamps are lighted, they will fly in at the open window, and bump their heads against the ceiling of the room, or flutter blindly about the lamp on the table, and if you have your net and other ready you can easily catch them and add them to your collection.

It is very easy to distinguish a butterfly from a moth when the insect is at rest. A butterfly always has its wings upright. The little skipper butterflies are the only exception to this rule, and even those always elevate the fore-wings. But the moth when it alights always puts its wings in a horizontal position, folding the fore pair backward so that the hind-wings are almost concealed. Another difference is that while butterflies flutter about in the sunshine and at night creep in among the leaves and go to sleep, moths go to sleep all day, coming from their hiding-places as it grows dark, to spend the night hunting for the sweet little honey cups of flowers where their food is stored. In scrambling about among the bushes in the daytime you will often disturb some moth. Then it will flutter about blindly and be easily caught. There is also a great difference between the caterpillars of moths and butterflies, and in the manner in which they form their chrysalides and cocoons, which you will find fully described in books on Lepidoptera: —

CHRYSALIS OF THE HAWK-MOTH.

Moths are divided into two great families, *Hawk-moths* or Sphinxes, and Moths or Phalænæ. The Hawk-moths are called sphinxes because the caterpillars have a curious habit of elevating the fore-part of the body and remaining immovable for hours, which reminded Linnæus, the great naturalist who named them, of the Egyptian Sphinx. The hawk-moths hover in the air like a humming-bird while they suck honey from the flowers.

There is one very large hawk-moth which may be found any summer evening taking its supper from the honey-suckle and other sweet flowers. As it poises in the air fluttering its large wings, it makes a loud humming sound like the buzzing of a beetle. Throw a net over it carefully, and give it a good dose of ether, for it is a strong insect, and will not yield its life easily. Its large gray wings, which expand about five inches, are ornamented with blackish markings, and on each side of its thick body are five dull orange spots which give it the name of five-spotted sphinx. You will think at first that in catching it you have broken off the long tongue which you saw it thrust into the flower cups; but look under its head, and there you will find the tongue snugly rolled up like a watch spring. Take a pin and unroll it carefully before it is dry, for it is a wonderful tongue, five or six inches in length, long enough to penetrate to the bottom of the largest flowers. The caterpillar of the five-spotted sphinx is the large green *potato-worm* familiar to every country boy. It crawls into the ground to form its chrysalis, which is of a shiny brown color.

The great elm-moth is another sphinx which is easily captured. It lives in elm-trees during July and August. It is as large as the moth just described, and has light brown wings, marked with dark brown and white. In summer evenings these creatures often fly into the lighted parlors of country houses, especially when elm-trees grow on the lawn. There is one group of sphinxes which, unlike most of their family, fly in the daytime. They look like humming-birds as they flit about over sweet-scented flowers. They have thick dark brown bodies covered with down, and their wings are like lace with a downy border of reddish-brown. These moths are called *Ægerians*.

The division of Lepidoptera, which Linnæus named Phalæna, contains a great multitude of moths. The tiny creatures which as caterpillars eat woollen and fur in the summer belong to this family, and in some tropical countries there are moths among the Phalæna with wings expanding twelve inches.

One of the largest moths which flys here in the North is the *Attacus cecropia*. Its wings expand fully six inches. They are reddish-brown in color, with a gray margin ornamented with wavy black lines. Near the centre of each wing is an oblong white spot shaded on the edge with brick red. This handsome moth appears in June, and is rarely found during the latter part of summer, but its great caterpillar crawls about on fruit trees and currant bushes in August. About the first of September, when it is fully grown, it is an enormous creature, larger and longer than a man's finger. It is then of a light green color, and covered with red, yellow, and blue warts. It spins its cocoon early in the autumn, fastening itself to the side of a twig where it had been feeding. The cocoon looks like an oblong bunch of thick brown paper, and is fastened to the twig with threads so strong that it is very difficult to break them. If you find a cocoon, do not try to detach it from its resting-place, but break off the twig, and if you keep it all winter in a cool place, the beautiful moth will crawl forth in the spring.

The *Dryocampa imperialis* is another large and very handsome moth. Its wings, which expand about five inches, are pale yellow, dotted with purple, and crossed by wavy purple bands. It leaves the chrysalis in June, and flies about until early in July, when it disappears. The last of August you will find its caterpillar crawling about on button-wood trees. It is a great green creature with a red back and orange-colored head. The last of September it goes into the ground to form a chrysalis, which lies safely hidden all winter, and works its way to the surface of the earth in spring just before the time when the moth will burst forth.

It is well to gather all the cocoons and chrysalides you can find, but do not keep them in close covered boxes, for a moth can not expand and dry its wings without room and air. When the moth first crawls forth its wings are folded around its body, and it looks like a worm. It takes several hours for the wings to open and become soft and velvety. If you are successful in getting a good collection of chrysalides, place them on a shelf where they will not be disturbed, and cover them with wire covers or baskets of fine wicker-work. Watch them carefully, otherwise the moth may come out and die, and become so dry before it is found that it will crumble if you try to arrange it in your collection.

Nearly all of the small gray millers which flutter around the evening lamp belong to the Phalæna family. These little insects are not very pretty, but sometimes you will find one among them with beautifully colored wings. The *Deiopeia bella*, which flies all through the summer, is a very pretty little creature. It expands only one inch and a half. Its fore-wings are yellow, marked with white bands and black dots, and the hind-wings are scarlet, bordered with black.

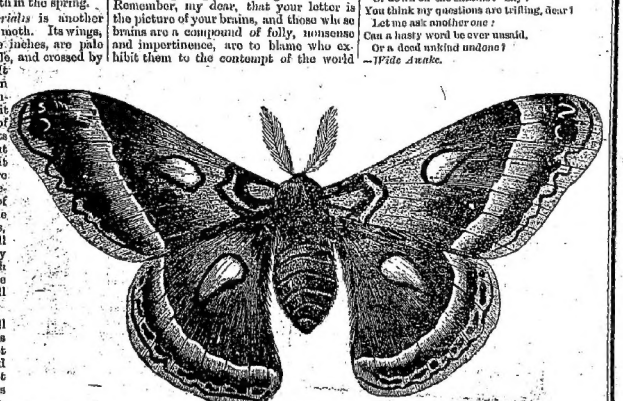
Many of the Arctians, or woolly bears, are pretty moths. They are called woolly bears because the caterpillars are covered with hair. The black and tan-red caterpillar which rolls itself into a little ball when touched is one of the woolly bears. Its moth is dull yellow spotted with black. One of the prettiest of the woolly-bear moths is the *Arctia acrea*.

Make your collection as large and perfect as possible, and if you can examine your specimens through a good microscope you will admire more than ever before the wonderful delicacy and perfection of nature's handiwork.—*Harper's Young People.*

MOTH AND HUMMING-BIRD.

LORD COLLINGWOOD TO HIS DAUGHTER.

No sportsman ever hits a partridge without aiming at it; and skill is acquired by repeated attempts. It is the same thing in every art, unless you aim at perfection, you will never attain it; but frequent attempts will make it easy. Never, therefore, do anything with indifference. Whether it be to mend a rent in your garment, or finish the most delicate piece of art, endeavor to do it as perfectly as it is possible. When you write a letter, give it your greatest care, that it may be as perfect in all its parts as you can make it. Let the subject be sense, expressed in the most plain, intelligible, and elegant manner that you are capable of. If, in a familiar epistle, you should be playful and jocular, guard carefully that your wit be not sharp, so as to give pain to any person; and before you write a sentence, examine it, even the words of which it is composed, that there be nothing vulgar or inelegant in them. Remember, my dear, that your letter is the picture of your brains, and those who se brains are a compound of folly, nonsense and impertinence, are to blame who exhibit them to the contempt of the world for a great ignorance of what is proper, or great ignorance towards the person to whom it is addressed, and is consequently disrespectful. It makes no amends to add an or the pity of their friends. To write a letter with negligence, without proper stops, with crooked lines and great flourishing dashes, is inelegant; it argues either great ignorance or apology for having scrawled a sheet of paper, for bad pens, for you should mend them, or want of time, for nothing is more important to you, or to which your time can more properly be devoted. I think I can know the character of a lady pretty nearly by her hand-writing. The dashers are all impudent, however they may conceal it from themselves or others, and the scribblers flatter themselves with a vain hope that as their letter cannot be read, it may be mistaken for sense.



ATTACUS CECROPIA.

QUESTIONS.

Can you put the spider's web back in place
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough
Which fell at our feet to-day?
Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,
And cause it to live and grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing
That you crushed with a hasty blow?
Can you put the bloom again on the grape,
And the grape again on the vine?
Can you put the dewdrops back on the flowers,
And make them sparkle and shine?
Can you put the petals back on the rose?
If you could, would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the grain again in the husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?
Can you put the kernel again in the nut,
Or the broken egg in the shell?
Can you put the honey back in the comb,
And cover with wax each cell?
Can you put the perfume back in the vase
When once it had sped away?
Can you put the corn silk back on the corn,
Or down on the catkins? Say?
You think my questions are trifling, dear?
Let me ask another one:
Can a hasty word be ever unsaid,
Or a deed unkind undone?

—*Wide Awake.*

WOOD COLLECTIONS.

An interesting and useful collection for a farmer's boy to make is one of woods. The specimens should be of convenient size and length; three or four inches long will answer; they, like lumber, are best cut in winter, and should be placed under cover to season; they should be so cut as to show the different surfaces of the wood. The end of a limb of most of our Northern trees and shrubs when cut down shows a series

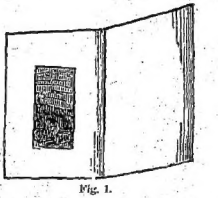


Fig. 1.

of rings, one of which is formed each year of growth. When cut lengthwise, what is called "*the grain*" of the wood is shown. A specimen of this kind shows the bark, and the character of the wood just beneath the bark. With a very fine and sharp saw, you can, after some practice, make cross-sections that will show the characteristic appearance of the "end of the wood," as workers in wood call it.

MOUNTING THE SECTIONS.

Sections of wood may be mounted for a collection in this method. The sections are made as thin as possible with a very fine saw. A leaf of cardboard is folded in the centre, as in figure 1, and an oval opening is made in this, as in figure 2. Over this opening the section of wood is glued (figure 1.), which shows on the right side, as in figure 2, upon this side a label is placed. The sheets are placed in a case to preserve them from injury and dust. With sections mounted in this manner, the

Fig. 2.

structure of the wood can be readily examined with a simple microscope. Some of our shrubs have wood which, though small, is very fine-grained, and makes very pretty articles of turnery. I once saw a collection of woods in the form of "jack-straws." A gentleman of my acquaintance, skilled in whittling, made a beautiful set of jack-straws, each of a different kind of wood; he did not confine himself to native woods, and the collection was curious rather than instructive. Those of you who are old enough to work with a hatchet should cut the stems of various shrubs and lay them by to season. The various Dog-woods, the Laurel (*Kalmia*), Holly, and others, make pretty material for handles to small tools and turned work.—*American Agriculturist.*

NOVEL USES OF PAPER.

There are few things that cannot now be made out of paper. Its adaptability is astonishing, and the wildest speculations as to its future are excusable when we reflect upon the present uses of this material. As the delicate substance can be made to serve for steel or iron, it is not difficult to understand how paper is for many purposes now taking the place of wood. Paper of different thicknesses, and pasteboard made of white moss have already been shown, the latter even in sheets three quarters of an inch thick. It is as hard as wood, and can be easily painted and polished. It has all the good qualities, but none of the defects of wood. The pasteboard can consequently be used for door and window frames, architectural ornaments, and all kinds of furniture.

Paper from strong fibres, such as linen, can, in fact, be compressed into a substance so hard that it almost cannot be scratched. As houses have been made of this novel building material, so almost everything requisite to complete and furnish a residence has since been manufactured of paper. After the Breslau fireproof chimney, it is quite possible, for instance, that cooking or heating stoves can be made of similar materials. These paper stoves are annealed—that is, painted over with a composition which becomes part of the paper, and is fireproof. It is said to be impossible to burn them out, and they are much cheaper than iron stoves. Bath-tubs and pots are made in the same manner by compressing the paper made of linen fibres, and annealing. The tubs, we are assured, will last for ever, and never leak. Placed on the fire, they will not burn up; and it is almost impossible to break or injure them. Our rooms can be floored with this wonderfully accommodating material. It may here be mentioned that cracks in floors, around the skirting-board or other parts of a room, may be neatly and permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water, and a tablespoonful of alum thoroughly boiled and mixed. The mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the cracks with a case-knife. It will harden like papier-mache.

Drawing-rooms can be set off by handsome pianos manufactured from paper—a French invention. A beautiful musical instrument of this kind has lately been an object of great curiosity to the connoisseurs and musical savants of Paris. The entire case is made of compressed paper, to which is given a hard surface and a cream-white brilliant polish. The legs and sides are ornamented with arabesques and floral designs. The exterior and as much of the interior as can be seen when the instrument is open, are covered with wreaths and medallions painted in miniature by some of the leading artists of Paris. The tone of this instrument is said to be of excellent quality, though not loud. The broken, alternating character of piano music is replaced by a rich, full, continuous roll of sound, resembling somewhat that of the organ. Only two of these instruments have been made. One is still on exhibition; the other has been sold to the Duke of Devonshire.

Paper plates, introduced by an ingenious *restaurateur* of Berlin, can now be used. Bread and butter, cakes, and similar articles were served by him on a pretty papier-mache plate, having a border in relief, and resembling porcelain. They are cheap and light, and not liable to be broken.

Even knives and forks may now, we are told, be made of compressed paper. They can be used for any practical purpose, like steel ones. The household cutlery, it may be here mentioned, can be well preserved if wrapped up in paper prepared from ozokerit. This waxed paper is largely used in New York for wrapping hardware. Candles, fish and butter, and a score of other articles, are also thus wrapped, and saved from injury through damp.

Our household may also be supplied with the paper bottles now made on a large scale in Germany and Austria. The paper is coated on both sides with a mixture of blood-albumen, lime, and alum. After drying, the leaves are placed over each other, and then put into heated moulds. These bottles are made in two pieces, which are afterward joined. Neither water nor alcohol has any action on such bottles, and it is thought that they will prove of great value to travellers, as there is little fear of breakage.

Our sleeping apartments can be provided with paper bed-clothes, curtains and bed steads. The latter pieces of furniture look beautiful, and are declared to be everlasting. They are made of slips of paper, instead of paper rings, as in the case of railway wheels before mentioned in this paper, which wheels can now run on rails of the same material, some new particulars of which have come to hand. These, it is stated, can be produced—by an American company in Russia—at a third of the cost of steel rails, and are extremely durable. Being much lighter than metal, these rails may be carried and laid at far less cost, and they will doubtless diminish oscillation and wear and tear of rolling-stock. They are to be made of greater lengths than ordinary rails, and therefore will have fewer joints. The success or failure of the project seems simply a question of durability.—*Exchange.*

SAGACITY OF A TERRIER.

As the steamer approached a particular place, a dog, apparently a terrier, was seen to issue from a bothy used by the salmon fishermen, and wade into the water till nothing was seen but its head. It, however, immediately returned with the end of the rope, to which the net floats are fixed, which the dog carried a considerable distance upon the ground, where it left it high and dry. How valuable the dog may be made in thus helping fishermen!—*From "Country Life," by E. Jesse, Esq.*

DEFINITION OF BIBLE TERMS.

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was $8.

A talent of silver was $538.30.

A talent of gold was $13,809.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was one cent.

An ephah or bath contains seven gallons and five pints.

A hin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

A *homer* was six pints.

A cab was three pints.

PHRASES THE GIRLS MUST ESCHEW.

The list of words, phrases and expressions to be avoided by young ladies of Wellesley College includes the following:

"I guess so," for I suppose so, or I think so.

"Fix things," for arrange things, or prepare things.

The use of "ride" and "drive" interchangeably.

"Real good" or "real nice" for very good or really nice.

"I have studied some," for studied somewhat, or "I have not studied any," for not studied at all.

"Not as I know," for not that I know.

"Try an experiment," for make an experiment.

"Had rather," for would rather, and "had better," for would better.

"Right away," for immediately or now.

"Well posted," for well informed.

"Try and do," for try to do, or "try and go," for try to go.

"It looks good enough," for it looks well enough, or "does it look good enough?" for does it look well enough?

"Somebody else's" for somebody's else.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"THE LONGER I LIVE, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory."—*Sir Fowell Buxton.*

EVERY SORROW, every smart
That the eternal Father's heart
Hath appointed me of yore,
Or hath yet for me in store
As my life flows on, I'll take
Calmly, gladly, for his sake.

A SAGACIOUS TERRIER.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise,
With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes,
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Rags and buttons, and lots of things;
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care, not much, I mean,
If a fellow's face is not always clean;
And if your trousers are torn at the knee
She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad,
But only sorry if you are bad,
And I tell you this, if you're only true,
She'll always forgive whate'er you do.

"*I'm sure of this,*" said Fred the wise,
With a manly look in his laughing eyes,
"I'll mind my mother, quick, every day,
A fellow's a baby that don't obey."

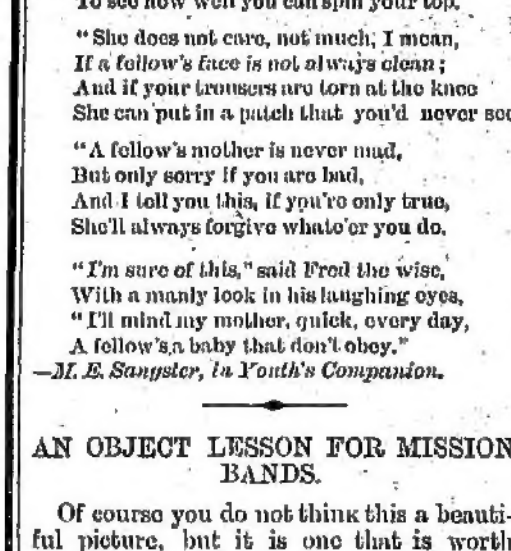
—*M. E. Sangster, in Youth's Companion.*

AN OBJECT LESSON FOR MISSION BANDS.

Of course you do not think this a beautiful picture, but it is one that is worth studying. It tells its own story, and we will let it preach its own sermon. As they study it, I am sure that all our Mission Band workers are resolving very earnestly that the monument built from the census of 1900 will not have liquor for its broad foundation if they can prevent it.

But we said we would let the picture preach its own sermon, so we will simply tell how a band of boys, with its help, gave an object lesson to the good people of their church.

An exercise had been promised, but what it was to be, no one knew. You can imagine how puzzled and surprised every one was when two of the largest boys entered, carrying between them the great foundation slab, marked in large black



letters, "Liquor, $900,000,000." Then came the tobacco slab, then the others, the smaller ones made of paste-board, until the little cube, hardly large enough to contain the single word Missions, was placed at the summit of the pyramid. Do you not think that those who watched the building, felt that it was an unworthy monument to be raised in a Christian land where thousands of voices sing

"Christ for the world we sing,
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal."

—*Children's Work for Children.*

ON THE HOUSE TOP.

I am sitting on the top of the house. But do me not the injustice to imagine that I am astride the ridge-pole. The roof is a flat one, made of earth and gravel, rolled very hard. The edges are bordered with grass and little plants, as our sidewalk edges often are at home, though the hot Syrian sun has pretty well scorched the tender blades. I wish I could open the window for the sick ones and let them see what I do. Abeik is built on the steep side of one of the mountains of Lebanon. The mission house, on whose roof I am seated, is at the top of the village, and as I look down on the flat roofs of the little square, one-story stone houses which file down the mountain, I feel as if I could almost descend by them, as by flights of steps. You cannot think how odd a chimneyless town looks. On a roof near by, a woman has just come out and lifted a heap of something she intends to dry. I can imagine that it is Rahab, come up to see if the spies are still under the flax, where she hid them last night. On another roof sits a woman cross-legged. She is beating the wool which fills the mattress on which she sleeps. She has washed the cover, and is getting the lumps out of the wool before putting it back. Another has washed some wheat, to free it from the dust of the threshing floor, and has brought it to the roof to dry. She is walking about, arranging the corners of the sheet on which it is spread, while her children are running across it with their bare, brown feet, and evidently find it great fun.

The house-top is a favorite point of outlook, when there is anything going on in the street, if the little narrow, stony foot-paths between the houses can be called streets. The other day I saw from my window scores of people gathered on the roofs to look at a funeral procession. A young bride was being taken to her last home. She was arrayed in her marriage dress and veil, and carried through the streets in an open, board box, hung with bright rugs, and followed by a train of shrieking, wailing, gesticulating friends. Illness and death are so dreadful in a Christless land.

Had I come up a little earlier, I might have seen people here and there lifting the mats on which they had slept; for on a hot night the roof affords an agreeable change from the close room where men, women and children sleep all together on the floor, and which is often infested with vermin. The Arabs spend but little time on morning and evening toilet. They lie down with their clothes on, only the more advanced removing the outside garment. Sometimes one sees a woman with her dress sewed on, like those unsatisfactory dollies, whose clothes do not take off. The hair is combed only occasionally, and then the operation is a severe one. Not unfrequently the teacher of the Mission school asks the reason for the absence of a pupil, and receives this reply, "She is having her hair combed;" as we would say, "She is cleaning house."

A few weeks since I stood on the roof of the house which occupies the site of that in which it is said Simon, the tanner, lived, in Joppa. You will remember that Peter went to the house-top to wait, while his food was preparing in the room below, and while there he had his wonderful vision. Each one of these earth-roofs we are looking down upon, covers a home, where not only the sleeping, but the sitting, eating, and working are done upon the floor. There is no table; and even bread moulding is done by a woman kneeling over or sitting beside the pan which holds the dough. Sometimes one finds chairs, but they are very new fashioned and the natives do not take to them. One woman hung hers on a nail against the wall to keep it out of the way. The windows are mostly without glass, and in winter little light enters, except at the open door. But the material darkness of these homes is nothing to the spiritual. The windows of the soul are still closed to the true light. It is to bring this light that the missionary has come, on whose roof I am sitting. In the rooms below me, scores of children gather daily for instruction, and on Sunday they are filled with a school of one hundred and thirty pupils. A church has been formed, and it is a blessed thought, that beneath more than one of these flat roofs which I am looking upon, the morning prayer is ascending; and that among the many busy mothers there, there are some Marys, who have bidden the Christ come in that they may sit at his feet.—*Mary Gordon, in the Open Window.*

FAMILY WORSHIP must be regarded as having a place among the tests of true godliness, and where it is vainly looked for there is not the best evidence of genuine piety. A religious profession with this deficiency is, to say the least, considerably discounted. It is related that a professor of religion married a wife who made no such profession, and, in deference to her, dropped his custom of family prayer. At length she told him she thought she was marrying a Christian; but she had come to doubt it, for Christians pray with their families. He excused himself on the ground of his regard for her, to which she replied that that had nothing to do with his duty; and that she thought to see those making such a profession as his faithful and consistent; nor would she rest until the family altar was restored to its place. This may not be a solitary case in which family prayer has been more than unnecessarily neglected.—*Watchman.*

THAT CHURCH MEMBER who has so far fallen from his former spirituality as to affirm that he can frequent the theatre with a "good conscience," needs to recollect that a good conscience is not necessarily a pure and guiltless one. St. Paul said, "I verily thought I ought to do many things against the name of Jesus." His conscience not only did not condemn, but actually approved actions for doing which he subsequently confessed himself to be "the chief of sinners." Hence the silent conscience of a worldly-minded man is no proof that he is doing right when he sits with an ungodly crowd feasting his lower nature on the frivolities of the stage. Perhaps his conscience might give a different testimony if he would place it awhile in the light of the expressive fact, that "the friendship of the world is enmity with God . . . . a friend of the world is the enemy of God!"

AN OLD CHINESE woman came one day to the missionary with the tears rolling down her cheeks; she said she loved the Lord Jesus, and he had forgiven her sins, but she had heard that he said; "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," and she was nearly seventy years old, and blind, so she could not go! But she was willing to tell her neighbors, and maybe she could walk to the next village and tell them; would the dear Lord accept this from her, since it was all she could do? When the missionary explained that this was just what Jesus asked of her, she wiped away the tears and said: "Then I am ready to be baptised; I belong to Jesus."

IF YOU WISH your children to think well of the church, speak well of the minister who serves it and the people who belong to it. Constant criticism of the church is a poor method to get people into it.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Question Corner.—No. 14.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

43. A general was afraid to lead his men to battle unless a woman went with him. (a) Who was the General? (b) Who was the woman? (c) What nation were they fighting with? (d) Who was the King? (e) Who was the leader of his armies?

44. What four commandments were broken by a king to obtain a piece of ground? (a) Who was the king (b) Who was the owner of the ground?

In reply to several questions we would say here that it is not absolutely necessary to send the answers to each set of these questions separately. If more convenient, the answers to three or four sets may be sent together. The competition began with the January 13th number. The question of the Biblical Seer in that number, is one of the prize questions also.

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